



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

ing startling, nothing promising of importance, hardly anything fresh. The new crop of painters has not yet come up. A slender blade or two, perhaps, does pierce the soil at wide distances apart, with a water-color or a muddled head, but there is nothing from the newcomers to put life or excitement into the outlook. Leaving the old established artists who are proud of having been exhibiting their present performances for twenty-five years at these exhibitions, I like to go on trips of discovery among the newer names. But a small and quiet mill-pond is soon explored, and so are the banks of the Frog Pond, in the matter of art and artists. It is to a newcomer, to be sure, among local artists, a Mrs. Frances Houston, that the place of honor is given at the head of the gallery. But this position brings a cruel light to bear on her crude essay at a sensational full-length figure of a lady. The subject is sitting, and draped in a Burne-Jonesish dress of mystic changing red clinging closely to her limbs—so closely, alas! that not the form that belongs to the queenly head and neck—albeit the latter is defined with a rigid, long muscle that gives one a crick to contemplate—but the wretched two sticks of the lay figure can be distinctly traced from lap to knees. A better performance, although a mere study-head, is the pretty, well-modelled face of a girl in a demure hood, entitled, "The Little Puritan," by Miss Osborn, an Art Museum scholar. A new marine painter, G. L. Wason, also confirms the promise made in his debut last year with some pictures of New England waters singularly true and agreeable in their cool gray tones and quiet earnestness in drawing, and study of the truth of light, atmosphere, and distance. A curiosity, and more than that, is the first picture exhibited of Bertha Von Hillern the pedestrian, who was persuaded to become an artist by some lady friends who became interested in this sturdy little German woman during her walks against time in this city a year or two ago. It is a wood interior composed and finished in the "go-as-you-please" style inculcated among Hunt's feminine disciples—the kindly device to which Hunt had recourse to lure them on in art, and keep them from tiring and going back to crochet—but showing a real artistic sight for the points of a scene, and a free-hand facility with the brush, and no fear of using color. Other women-artists further along in this school of landscape, Miss Knowlton, editor of the "Talks on Art," Miss Becket, and Mrs. Tryon are represented in similarly characteristic works, bold in startling effects of light and color, but reckless as to detail. Selinger, the newly-returned Munich student, has a painting of a white turkey, marvellously clever and realistic in the delineation of the delicately ruffled plumage of the bird as it hangs by the legs, but after all only a turkey and sign for a provision-stall. Vinton, Gangengigl, Enneking, Hewes, Higgins, Weeks, Longfellow, Ordway, D. Fisher, Shapleigh, B. Champney, and the rest of the regular fraternity of artists are well represented.

A sketch by Wyatt Eaton of a French peasant mother and baby—two of the figures, I take it, of his well-known large picture—gives one a pleasant shock of strength, truth, and heartiness in the midst of so much that is feeble, labored, and commonplace. The drawing, especially of the baby in the foreshortening of its chubby limbs, curling and cuddling as a baby's limbs will, is delightful. The child is putting its whole soul into the comfort of imbibing the simple but evidently bounteous meal which has just been placed at its disposal, and which the mother, with equal comfort, zest, and enjoyment, assists it to reach between her big fingers. Even the rosy perspiration of the sturdy youngster as it tugs away, half asleep, has been suggested by the artist. It is a pity that he has not erased the outline marks, masterly in knowledge and feeling though they be, and given the whole a turn or two more of polish so as to shut the mouths of certain wise critics, who can see some lack of finish in the picture, and nothing more.

Two landscapes by your Macy also strengthen and enliven the walls with their real out-of-door light and air,

their moving clouds and solid brown earth, and the accurate values of objects thereon with actual distances and space between them. William Sartain sends one of the gems of the collection in an Oriental scene. The sobriety of tone that he knows how to keep in Oriental pictures conveys more of the mystery and remoteness of the East than all the colors of a Persian rug such as most artists crowd into them. In this delicacy and depth of tone and atmosphere Sartain catches much of the peculiar distinction of Fromentin, whose paintings of the Orient match so well the spirit of its faded romance and poetry.

A new club, on the model of the Century Club, made up mainly from the literary and artistic callings, has just been formed here. It has taken the fine old name of St. Botolph—from St. Botolph's of old Boston in England—and a part of its mission will be to hold monthly

for by virtues and vices. All the figures are in profile, and stretched along in one-two-three order on either side of the young man. A kneeling woman, clothed, presenting a baby who stands by himself a few steps in advance of her, utters the plea of virtue, opposing the wiles of an absolutely nude female, who—seated on the same stone with the youth, but with a blanket considerably spread under the bareness of her skin—winds her arms about his neck, while a gigantic sage preaches to him between them, and a Mephistophelean figure behind points to a bag of money. It is amazing that any painter could bear to exhibit a huge canvas so full of puerility of idea and sentiment, and utterly bad drawing, and it is doubly surprising that the son of a poet should prove so absolutely destitute of imagination and taste. The Swiss and Italian landscapes by the same artist are not so bad.

A number of artists here have banded together in revolt against the dealers, and propose to have a permanent exhibition and salesroom under their own supervision in Studio Building. The scheme is not fully developed as yet, and I will tell you more about it when the bomb-shell falls upon the fated shopkeepers. Meanwhile, Tom Robinson, Foxcroft Cole, and two or three others, have arranged an auction sale "on their own hook," and their exhibition, which includes some good foreign works, is attracting crowds. They look to save much expense in this way; but their pictures suffer by the coarse light to which they are subjected. GRETA.

BALTIMORE ART PROSPECTS.

THE DECORATIVE ART SOCIETY—KEYSER'S
"PSYCHE"—PICTURE SALES.

BALTIMORE, January 10, 1880.

IT is gratifying to lovers of art to find, with the return of material prosperity to the country, a constantly and rapidly developing taste for æsthetic culture. Perhaps nowhere is this more evident than in Baltimore, a city which, though noted for its architectural and monumental features, has been far behind in the cultivation of the beautiful in art, having confined itself—with that adherence to utilitarianism so long its characteristic feature—to useful rather than ornamental skill. Within the past year, however, this city has awakened from its torpor in this respect, and there has been a growing interest evinced in art, particularly in the decorative branches. In common with all parts of the country, the taste for decoration has been awakened here and has flourished.

The organization, some time since, of the Baltimore Decorative Art Society has given impetus to the movement, and the association deserves great credit for the manner in which it has fostered this refined handicraft. The first days of the Decorative Art Society were not calculated to encourage its projectors. Its existence was maintained with difficulty for some time. It speedily ran into debt, and last fall saw it deeply involved financially. In this emergency deliverance appeared in the shape of the "Frog Opera," from Providence, R. I., which was performed here two

nights for the benefit of the society. It has been often said that whatever pleases Baltimore in the way of drama or opera is sure of failure elsewhere, and that a success in Baltimore is frequently scored with attractions that fall flat in other cities. Be that as it may, the Frog Opera, though full of ridiculous nonsense, was an immense success here, and the depleted exchequer of the society suddenly assumed plethoric proportions.

One of the recent good moves of the association is the establishment of a school of instruction under direction of M. A. Newell, of the Maryland institute. The course will consist of lessons in free hand drawing (from the collection of casts in the Maryland Historical Society rooms, where the school is to be held), and painting in water colors. An effort will also be made to introduce wood carving. At the rooms of the society on North Charles Street, classes are taught in embroidery,



SKETCH BY DE NEUVILLE. CONTRIBUTED TO "PARIS-MURCIE."

exhibitions of paintings in its club-house. It has drawn on the very best materials of Boston society, "culture" being the test and standard. The old Art Club already feels its nose out of joint, but it has served a noble purpose in its day, and should not be allowed to decay. The St. Botolph is to be rather exclusive to judge from the limit of three hundred to its membership and the tone of the society represented in it. The Art Club will have a larger field more definitively left to itself by this new differentiation.

Ernest W. Longfellow, the son of the poet, opens this week an exhibition of his paintings here. The main picture occupies the whole side of the shop where they are exposed, and its size is the only thing great about it. Indeed, it is a painfully-bad piece of school-boy composition in all respects, exemplifying almost every fault that it is possible for a painting to have. It is an allegorical subject, representing youth or manhood contended

including crewel work and designs for altar cloths. I am glad to say that the future of our society seems brighter now than ever before.

We have on exhibition here now, at the art rooms of Myers & Hedian, the third work of the young sculptor E. Keyser, a native of this city, who has sent hither all his works as fast as they were completed in Rome. His first work that attracted notice was the "Toying Page." His second, the "Pet Falcon," after being offered for sale here at \$1000 without a purchaser, has just been sold in New York for \$1200 after being on view at Tiffany's for a few days. "Psyche" is the subject now exhibited here. The other two works were bronzes, this is marble. The figure represents Psyche at the moment when, overcome by curiosity, she pauses by the wayside and is about to open the precious casket, which, according to mythology, she had received from Proserpine with a strict caution against opening it. A distant footstep, or perhaps the rustling of a leaf, has startled her with a sudden consciousness of her disobedience, and the dread of discovery causes an eager, expectant gaze, and a hurried attempt to conceal the object of her care. The upper part of the figure is turned halfway round; the fingers of either hand just support the casket; the arms reach around the side, and the right lower limb is raised and pressed against the left. The attitude of the figure is a lifelike representation of involuntary concealment. The marble is remarkably fine, and every line in the figure is seen with distinctness. The face, with its unique beauty, is a study in itself, and wears an air of charming, confused helplessness. The figure is life size, and in beauty of conception and fineness of execution is worthy of a high rank. The artist has set its price at \$3000, and if it is not sold by March next it will be sent to New York and placed in Tiffany's. Mr. Keyser is now in Baltimore, where he has opened a studio and is busily engaged on a new work.

Fifty-three paintings by A. J. H. Way and H. Bolton Jones, and nine by G. B. Way and F. C. Jones were sold at auction a few weeks ago in this city. The aggregate price realized was \$3541. H. Bolton Jones is in Europe, intending to spend some time in Grenada, Spain, and in Tangier, Moorish Africa. E. K. C.

ART IN ST. LOUIS.

A GREAT CHANGE FOR THE BETTER—THE PICTURE BUYING MANIA—SOME THING ABOUT THE SKETCH CLUB.

St. Louis, January 4, 1880.

To form a correct idea of the recent wonderful growth of art appreciation in St. Louis, it is only necessary to glance at the changes which have been wrought within the last half of a decade. Five years ago, there were scarcely half-a-dozen persons in the city who ever thought of buying pictures outside of the personal friends and patrons of the local artists. And even the patronage extended to them consisted very largely of commissions for portraits of "self, wife, and daughter," a kind of art love which is mostly vanity.

Annual exhibitions of pictures were held in one of the departments of the great Fair of the Agricultural and Mechanical Association. Premiums and diplomas were offered for the best art productions in common with pigs, cattle, horses, chickens, and agricultural implements. The art department was located in the "amphitheatre," a great circular wooden structure, enclosing a space where live stock was exhibited. The walls of the building were reserved for paintings, engravings, photographs, drawings and "other works of art," while the floor space was utilized for the display of pianos, melodeons, bedquilts, mammoth squashes, and other abnormal vegetables. About three years ago a well-lighted and commodious art gallery was erected, with hanging space for three hundred pictures; and collections of paintings, comparing favorably with those

at any of the annual exhibitions held throughout the country have succeeded the ludicrous conglomerations of former years.

The art department of Washington University was at that time a sickly infant, with an expectancy of life scarcely computable. But under the skilful nursing of Professor Halsey C. Ives, it has developed into a stalwart youth of astonishing vigor. Under the broad charter of the university it has been incorporated as the St. Louis School of Fine Art, and last year some four hundred and fifty pupils received intelligent instruction in its various departments. A museum and art gallery, costing over two hundred thousand dollars, is in process of erection—the gift of one of the founders of the university. The new museum has been liberally endowed, and under wise management the school of fine arts will exert a potent influence on art development throughout the Mississippi Valley.



SKETCH BY LELOIR. CONTRIBUTED TO "PARIS-MURCIE."

Among people of wealth the change has been even more marked. What might almost be called a picture mania has sprung up, and a good natured rivalry exists between several whom I could name. The exhibition of a newly acquired Gérôme or Cabanel in the private gallery of Brown is soon succeeded by a Breton or De Neuville in the parlors of his opulent friend Smith. To my certain knowledge more than one hundred thousand dollars have been invested in pictures by half-a-dozen gentlemen within a year, and their zeal shows no signs of abatement. Of course this enthusiasm on the part of a few is communicated to others, and, as a result, St. Louis is becoming recognized by dealers as one of the best art markets in the country.

The institution above all others among the artistic fraternity here is the Sketch Club. A couple of years ago there was very little harmony existing among the knights of the palette and brush. Jones was of the opinion that Johnson was a very boorish sort of a fellow

whose flesh tones were hard and leathery, while Johnson could scarcely tolerate Jones on general principles, aside from the fact that his drawing was execrable, and his landscapes devoid of merit. Now, Jones and Johnson meet at the rooms of the club every other Wednesday evening with as warm a grasp of the hand as though each were the traditional twin brother with the identical strawberry mark. They recognize the good qualities in each other's work, and both drawing and flesh tones have wonderfully improved under the kindly influence of good fellowship. At first I think there were three who concluded to form a club for mutual improvement in art and social enjoyment. Now there are about twenty-five contributing, and an equal number of privileged and associate members. The membership is divided into three classes. Contributing: artists and amateurs who furnish the sketches and have the management of the club. Privileged: those taking an active interest in art, such as connoisseurs and newspaper critics. Associates: business men, lawyers and others interested in art, but not especially identified with it. The club rooms have been uniquely decorated in mediæval style by the members, and are handsomely furnished, and the meetings are attended by as jolly a company as can be found anywhere. The resources of the artists in the direction of fun making are seemingly inexhaustible. Educated for the most part in the art centres abroad, they accumulated a supply of mirth-provoking material which is surprising. The songs of Munich and Paris have lost none of their unctious in the intervening years. Among the associate members are the honored Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, an ex-judge of the Circuit Court, and business men controlling some of the most extensive moneyed interests in the West. Within the genial atmosphere of the club room youth is renewed, and all join heartily in the enjoyment of the evening. W. R. H.

PROVIDENCE CORRESPONDENCE.

BRIGHTENING ART PROSPECTS—NOTES AND COMMENTS.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., January 12, 1880.

We are still living in the hope that our city will yet attain to some honorable rank in the art world. It is surely doing more than ever toward that end. Our School of Design has become an established institution; there is an increased interest in the work of our artists; a host of amateurs has arisen; the dealers are gaining confidence, and, it is to be hoped, art knowledge; and the artists themselves are trying to believe that they catch glimpses, however faint, of a cheering time ahead.

The establishment of an art club, perhaps like the Boston Art Club, is a subject of much thought, and is being agitated by the artists. Such a club is greatly needed. The artists are not gregarious enough; one is a hermit, another an indifferent, another an aristocrat, and so on. The club would bring them together; and then, by accepting members not of the fraternity, it is thought the artists may be enabled to fare better in society, besides gaining the wherewithal to paint the large exhibition pieces, so cherished and dreamed of, and to meet with a comfortable sense of superiority those appalling "monthly statements" of canvas and color from the material seller.

The reason why art gets no better foothold with us is not because none of us love it, but because our moneyed men are so much engrossed with stocks and cotton. They buy pictures, to be sure, but it is so much easier to judge of a signature than it is to judge of a picture that, in nine cases out of ten, they buy the signature. For instance, Mr. X. paid \$1800 for a tiny Diaz, only a few days ago, that, as a picture merely, was hardly worth \$50. Yet he loves native art; in fact, he loves all art.

HJALMAR STURLESON.